

the after math

we marched on at first  
or rather we declined to march anywhere  
at home with my mother I felt  
such closeness in our solitude.

but what may come will come  
and you may not come at all  
lonely flowers bloom  
beneath hopeful autumn leaves.

the summer sun rises gently  
with the final desperate breath of dawn  
and then the mourning comes  
and brings the cloudy darkness of sunshine.

the world gets colder  
and our hearts grow cold, too.  
we lucky members of september-  
we know that cold is a state of mind.

Now that the new year  
has failed to become new, we  
-with tentative hope-  
we do the after math.

What calculation could possibly encompass the immensity  
of desperate gasps in empty rooms  
silent hymns in empty churches  
immeasurable love.

if we do the after math-  
with some empty, useless equation-  
Division next? Haven't we already divided, and subtracted too?  
Our memories are too sharp to be multiplied.

somehow in the after math  
something tentative hides beneath mounds of spent paper  
what secret plant will grow?  
That depends- on how well we do the after math.